Vol. CXLV. No. 1886.

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THE BYSTANDER February 7, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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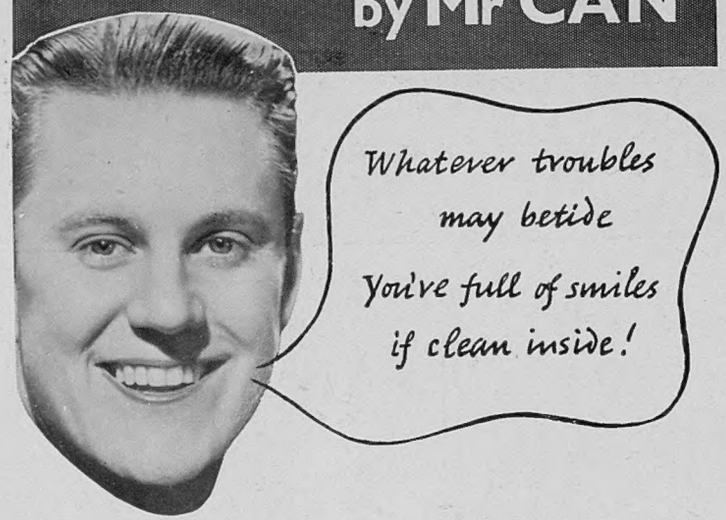

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The Bystander, February 7, 1940 No. 1886. Vol. CXLV.

The Bystander

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal

Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal is the second of the five daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, and the first of them to get married. Her wedding to Raimund von Hofmannsthal as his second wife took place last June, and they are now living at 27, York Terrace, Regent's Park. Just after the war began, she had to have her appendix out; since her recovery she has been working for the Polish and Finnish Relief Funds. Her husband is the son of the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet and dramatist

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Jack Frost censored: *for almost a month the Press, or most of it, held itself back from one of its favourite practices — telling people in frozen houses that they were cold, that they were colder on the third Thursday of January than anyone had been on that day since 1744 and so on. Finding the Press muted, Jack Frost proceeded to provide some bona-fide records, piling snow up to eight and ten feet, losing trains, closing roads, causing havoc in communication and supply. Towards the end of January some papers, disregarding censorship bureau warnings, began to hint at the weather, published pictures purporting to be taken early in January and the like. Then, with the thaw, came the rush of freed water and the rush of freed frost pictures. We publish some here, the one above being taken on an east coast pier*

THERE is a curious parallel between the strategic position in France in 1914 and the position to-day in Finland. At the outset, both defenders had a fixed line. France had Belfort-Epinal-Toul-Verdun; Finland had the Mannerheim Line. Both attackers had to outflank the fixed lines on their left wing. Both attackers had the choice between a big outflanking sweep and a small outflanking sweep. The Germans discarded the Schlieffen plan and chose the smaller one. The Soviet has abandoned the big movement through Suomussalmi towards the Gulf of Bothnia and is concentrating on the smaller one north of Lake Ladoga. Both have failed. The parallel is exact.

AN official story was published in all the papers the other day that British seamen who were on board the German tanker which acted as supply ship and prison for the Admiral Graf Spee were treated with the utmost brutality. But when Sir Robert Gower asked in the House of Commons whether the Ministry of Information would publish the names of the captain and of the ship itself, he was simply told that it was a matter for the Admiralty, and there the subject was allowed to drop. Surely the public is entitled to know these names for future reference. And it cannot be giving away any secret to the enemy. I am strongly in favour of removing all kid gloves while the war is on.

GERMANY'S desperate search for oil has been held up recently by the cold and by her shortage of railway-trucks. The German railways are in a very bad way altogether, as you can see by the incessant and disastrous train-smashes. But the shortage of trucks is probably even worse than the inefficient signalling and the crumbling permanent-way. When I was in Scandinavia the other day, they told me that Germany had offered hard cash for certain goods, provided that they were delivered in 500 trucks. The trucks, said the Germans, would be sent back by return. The Scandinavians were sceptical, to put it mildly.

MR. WESTBROOK PEGLER, a well-known columnist of New York, has started a violent attack on Great Britain. "If we had lived as close to them as the Germans, we would undoubtedly detest them to the same degree and for the same reasons."

Everyone is entitled to his own view, and I am side-by-side with Voltaire in being prepared to fight to the death in defence of Mr. Pegler's rights. But I wish Mr. Pegler would have the intellectual honesty to carry his ideas a step further, and advocate the building of a colossal fleet to protect America's Atlantic seaboard. At the present moment the Atlantic coast is defended from Scapa Flow.

THE *Baltimore Sun*, outspoken and independent as ever, takes a strong line about the controversy over the mails. As I said the other day, there has been a wave of indignation in the United States against Britain because we have been searching American mails for contraband. The *Baltimore Sun* says: "This is a desperate, titanic struggle, in which every civilised nation, however neutral, has a vital stake. In these circumstances great indignation over the opening of mails and searching of ships by the English is slightly ridiculous." It goes on to add that the whole agitation is the work of a few "flag-waving senators and chronic British baiters in Congress."

THE cold weather has nipped the theatre very hard. At least half-a-dozen plays which might have been nursed through an indifferent start into a fair success have been frozen dead in a few days. It was, I think, especially hard luck on the Nudist play. In a really hot summer it would have had a better fate.

MY own contribution to the great weather hold-up was a four-hour journey from Brighton to Victoria. The carriages were lit by dismal blue lights. The halts were interminable. The corridors were jammed with people standing. Three impressions—apart from the general discomfort—remain: the incessant gusts of laughter which blew in from the corridor; the number of military secrets which a couple of officers—total strangers to each other—gave away in the course of four hours of conversation; and the mental concentration of a man who spent the entire journey in, obviously, the composition of a poem. He could hardly see, but he toiled away on a little writing-pad amid all the jolts and noise.

SURELY it was peculiar that the London authorities made no effort to sweep the streets clear of snow for days on end. In any big town on the Continent of Europe, men would have been at work all the time keeping the streets clear. Is it possible that there are no unemployed at all in the whole of London? Or was it simply that the authorities grudged the expenditure? Whatever the reason, the greatest city in the world presented a very shabby spectacle.

A BOOK which I commend to your notice is *The Epic of the Finnish Nation*, by Stephan de Ullmann, published by the Pilot Press at the modest rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* Half the profits go to the Finnish Relief Fund, so by purchasing the book you will be improving your minds (and the Lord knows they need improvement), learning about a race of heroes, and contributing to the most deserving of all causes.

STORIES are beginning to circulate about the behaviour of taxi-drivers in London, especially at night. It is said that they are becoming arrogant and overbearing because of the shortage of cabs, which puts the late reveller at their mercy. I have found nothing of the kind personally (for heaven's sake don't run away with the idea that I am ever a strayed reveller), but the stories are certainly going the rounds. I hope that things will not be allowed to reach the conditions of 1917, when the taxi-driver was the acknowledged boss of the West End.

***Reserved** for the Snow Queen were seats in the Regent's Park Zoo*

***Flood water** splashed on to roadside branches in Kent caused these clusters of icicles*

SIR CHARTRES BIRON was the perfect example of what a Metropolitan magistrate should be. He never tried to make jokes. He was urbane and he was humane. And he never delivered any of those lectures to the world at large to which some of his colleagues are so sadly addicted. Sir Chartres was famous in ordinary life for his charm of manner and his old-world courtesy to young and old.

CONGRATULATIONS to Squadron Leader Doran, who has now been awarded a bar to his D.F.C., the first bar to be granted to a gallantry decoration of this war. He looks like becoming a modern counterpart of Captain Albert Ball, who used to get almost as many medals for bravery as Field-Marshal Goering gets for arrogance.

NUMBERS of Territorial officers, who are commanding battalions of infantry, are going to be replaced by regular soldiers, and so the old story of the last war is to be repeated. There was an occasion in 1917 when a new General went to command a Territorial division and issued as his first order that all Territorial officers were to go down one step in rank. Another order which is being bitterly resented, and rightly, is that all senior Territorial officers lose all their seniority before August 25th, 1939. This ingenious dodge enables a regular colonel, whose promotion dates from August 24th, 1939, to take precedence over a Territorial colonel who has been serving for years. Kitchener did his best to ruin the Territorial Army, and it seems as if his Lordship's spirit is still abroad in the land.

THERE is a rising tide of indignation among the poor National Liberals. Not only did they lose one of their precious Cabinet Ministers when the Secretaryship of State for War changed hands, but they are excluded from the secret meetings of the 1922 Committee, when it is addressed by a Cabinet Minister. This Committee consists of all the Conservative Members of the House, and the poor National Liberals are complaining peevishly that, as they support the Government as wholeheartedly as any Tory, and perhaps even more than some Tories, they ought to be allowed in to the meetings. As a matter of fact, when the whole House, except perhaps five Members, are wholeheartedly helping the Government to win the war, these secret meetings of the Conservative Party do seem queer.

THE lady announcers of the B.B.C. have been the subject of some discussion lately, and with great reluctance I add my quota. As I was writing the last paragraph of this entrancing page, the radio began to play a series of Italian songs, each announced by an Italian. One of the B.B.C. ladies translated the announcements, and she thought fit to use as near as possible the exact intonation of the Italian language. This sounded grotesquely silly, and when she pronounced the word "pastoral" with all the emphasis on the second syllable, I had to switch off in despair.

***"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"** An encounter by two explorers not in the steaming jungle of darkest Africa but amid the freezing drifts of whitest Derbyshire*

***A frozen cascade** embellished the creeper-covered pipe of a house in Streatham, making a convenient landmark in the black-out for the householder, and all done for nothing by forces of nature*

Marlene Comes Back

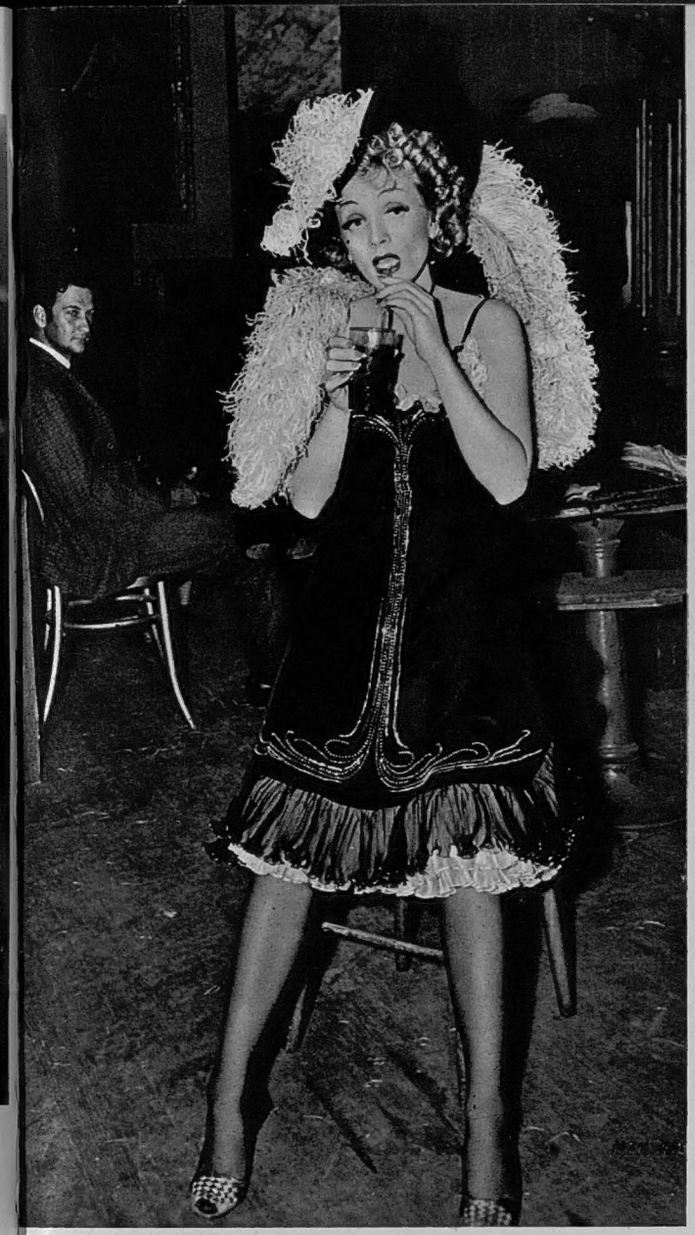
Follows film fashion and has a cat-fight, gets a bucket of water poured over her, still looks lovely in flaxen curls in "Destry Rides Again"

***Frenchy and Destry** are on the angels' side at the end of the film, the saloon sweetie going over to the peace officer who looks just like the Mr. Smith who went to Washington at the Regal [Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart]*

***Frenchy and Kent** are on the devil's side at the beginning of the film, their headquarters being the saloon owned by the latter. Brian Donlevy owned a saloon, too, in "Union Pacific," if you remember*

***Frenchy can play,** and Destry can take it: good influences begin to rise under music's leaven*

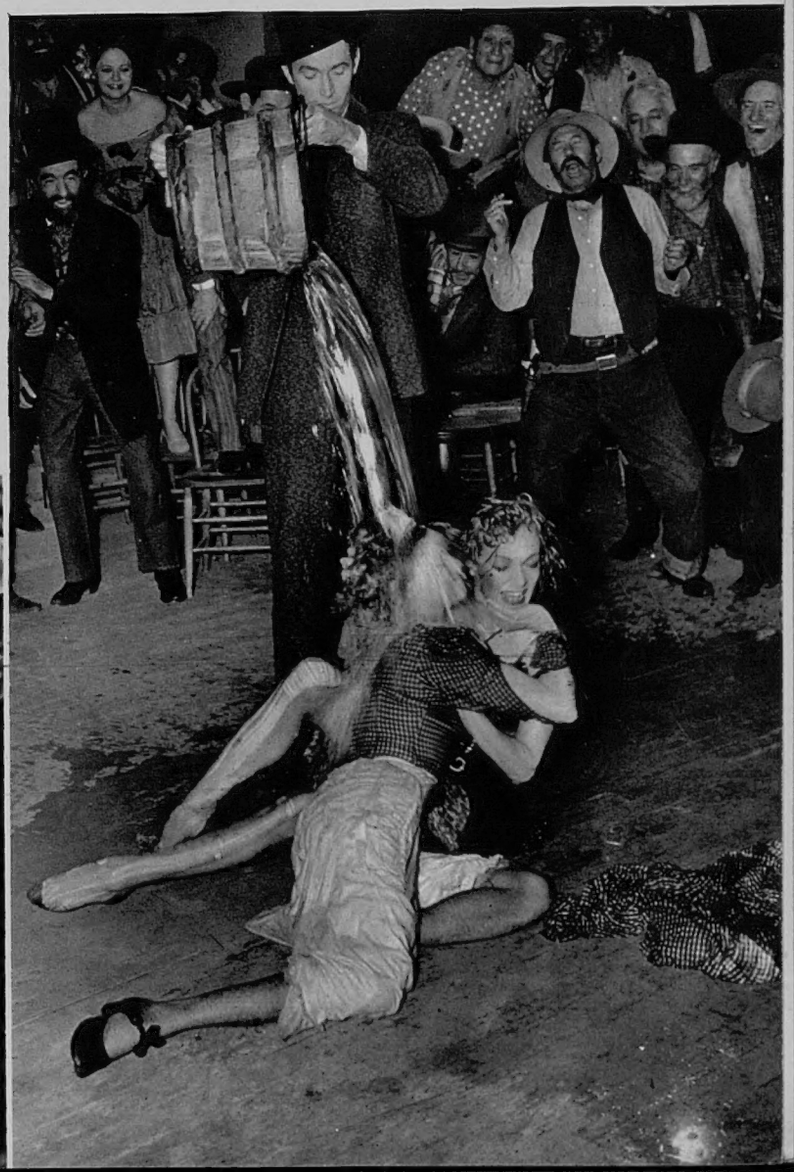
IN 1938 the film-fan world received with a shock the news that Marlene Dietrich's contract with Paramount had been ended by the employers. American papers even used the expression "sacked." The German star, having made an unsuccessful film in England (*Knight Without Armour*), went for a long holiday in Europe. Then photographs began to come through of her at Hollywood supper parties once more. Universal signed her, and she appears in *Destry Rides Again*, due at the Leicester Square now. Joe Pasternak, producer, and George Marshall, director, have given her an Americanised version of her best part, in *The Blue Angel*: she is a gunman's moll, or saloon sweetie, in Bottle Neck, Old Wild West. To reassure filmgoers that there was to be no slinky business, Dietrich figured in a well-publicised cat-fight surpassing even that in *The Women*, and capped by a ducking from James Stewart. She is Frenchy, blonde-wigged, spangled and feathered, but in the end she sides with the angels, dies for a noble love. For the rest, *Destry Rides Again* is fair to good Wild West, with Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey



Before the fight *in the Last Chance saloon Frenchy looks like this: Marlene getting back to her "Blue Angel" days*

After the fight *this is how she looks, gunning for Destry, the man who poured water over her. It was a clever move of Universal to run Dietrich in this scene, the appeal being double: not only a star in a fight, but a star who was known for aloof glamour*

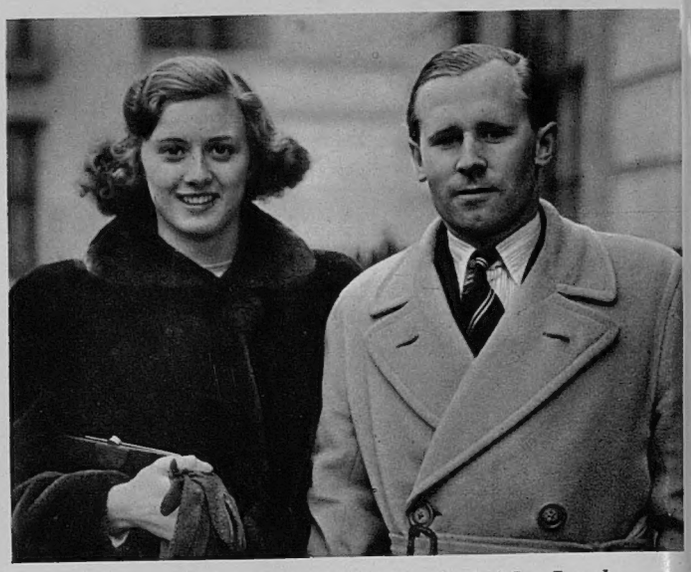
The fight starts *(below) when Lily Belle Callahan [Una Merkel] objects to Frenchy winning not only her husband's money but his pants as well.* ***The fight finishes*** *(right) when the laconic young deputy sheriff [Stewart] pours a bucket of water over the struggling women*



Social Register

Young Marrieds: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Romilly

Esmond Romilly and his wife, formerly the Hon. Jessica Mitford, were photographed at the Roma Restaurant on Biscayne Bay, Miami, where they both work and in which he has a business interest. They went to America after their runaway marriage in Spain during the Civil War, she became a salesgirl and he an advertisement slogan writer. She is Lord Redesdale's fifth daughter



Engagement: Miss Philipson and Mr. Lamb

Anthony Lamb, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lamb, of Park Farm, Henfield, Sussex, is engaged to Anne Rosemary Philipson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Philipson, of 62, Green Street, W.1, and Limberlost, Ditchling, Sussex. Her mother was well known on the stage as Mabel Russell, and was M.P. from 1923 to 1929 for Berwick-on-Tweed, her husband's former seat

Doña Régis de Oliveira and the Countess of Halifax

Work-Party: Mme. Dumitrescu, Mme. Florescu, Mme. Tilea

Doña Régis de Oliveira, wife of the retiring Brazilian Ambassador, and Lady Halifax, wife of the Foreign Secretary, shared in the organisation of a work-party for ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. At the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville's house in Charles Street the party has met to knit and sew for hospitals and sailors. Below are three Rumanian Legation wives—Mme. Tilea, wife of the Minister, and Mme. Florescu and Mme. Dumitrescu, whose husbands are respectively Counsellor and Naval and Military Attaché

Christening: Mr. and Mrs. Brandenstein's Son

Lionel Roderick Brandenstein, christened at St. John's, Southwick Crescent, is the son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Max Brandenstein, of 33, Connaught Square, W.2. They were married in 1938. Mrs. Brandenstein was the Hon. Signe Gully, is Viscount Selby's eldest sister

Acting : a Family of Stanleys

The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley went to see her daughters perform in "The Snow Queen" as produced by the versatile Chelsea A.R.P. station at the Chelsea Polytechnic. The eldest, the Hon. Mrs. Lubbock, was the Snow Queen, the Hon. Pamela ("Queen Victoria") Stanley was Guerda, the Hon. Victoria Stanley danced in the ballet. Music, story, decor, dresses were all produced by the company

Voting on Pictures : Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger and Mrs. Head

Mrs. Edythe Baker d'Erlanger and Mrs. Nugent Head were two of the first visitors to the United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House to be asked to vote for the ten pictures they liked the best. This balloting scheme began last week, set picture-gazers a stiff problem, since they have well over 2000 exhibits of every style and size to choose from. These two voters had reached picture number 1158. Results of the ballot will be published later

Comforts : the Queen Inspects Knitted Goods

The Queen was a visitor recently to the Depot for Knitted Garments for the Royal Navy at 11a, West Halkin Street, saw sea-boot stockings similar to those sent from the Palace. This organisation, run largely by sailors' wives, collects and dispatches Navy comforts : Lady Patricia Ramsay is its president and its chairman is Lady Pound, and not, as we incorrectly stated two weeks ago, Lady Fremantle

Comforts : the Duchess of Kent at a Concert

The Duchess of Kent, in a fur cap, attended the afternoon concert at the Mansion House last week in aid of the Lady Mayoress's comforts fund ; she is seen with her hostess, Lady Coxen. They heard, in the Egyptian Room of the Mansion House, a programme of music under the direction of Mr. Victor Marmont, as a result of which £638 was netted for the fund

Anthony

"The Beggar's Opera" Again — Macheath and Polly

Critics have treated the Glyndebourne revival of *The Beggar's Opera* with some sternness, most of them looking a little nostalgically back to the Hammersmith Gay days. But Brighton, where the revival began its tour, was in no two minds about it, and booking records were broken at the Theatre Royal. Audrey Mildmay, wife of John Christie, Glyndebourne's owner, and well known to opera audiences there and at Sadler's Wells, is Polly Peachum. Michael Redgrave, an excellent actor both on stage and screen (see his coal-miner in *The Stars Look Down*), makes his operatic debut as Captain Macheath. Frederic Austin's musical version is used again, with new songs added. John Gielgud, the producer, has moved the period a century forward, with Motley settings and dresses, and has emphasised romance rather than satire. After its tour *The Beggar's Opera* will come to the Haymarket at the beginning of March

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Desire Under the Elms" (Westminster)

THIS is a strengthy play by Eugene O'Neill about an old Middle-West farmer with three sons who marries again. Desiring a fourth son by his new wife, who is young and comely, he appears to be under the impression that he can achieve this by going off and sleeping all alone in a barn, leaving spouse in bed and spouse's step-son in the next room with his ear to the wall. What happens then is what got the play banned, it being officially regarded as imperative (until the ban was removed) that step-guys and step-dames on the stage should behave themselves. But why, after all, jump to the conclusion that the step-son really *is* a step-son? In view of the odd nocturnal conduct of the old farmer, might it not be assumed that his three previous parental triumphs were similarly achieved by sleeping alone in barns?—in which case the play would, one gathers, become curiously more moral.

DESIRE in *Desire Under the Elms* is a complicated thing, consisting not only of desire to have a woman (or a man) and desire to have a baby (or a bastard), but also of desire to have elms (or a farm). Before anybody enters the house, or whenever anybody goes out of it, they stand looking at the prospect for a few moments, and then murmur "purdy" (Middle-West for "pretty"), thus persuading us that this must be a most desirable property. And so, when the baby is born, the step-son, who desires the farm more than anything else, gets a hunch that he has merely been used by his step-mother (always boasting that it is *her* farm) as an instrument for doing him out of his own inheritance. To convince him that this is not so, and that she loves him more than she loves the farm, she promptly kills the baby. Whereupon he tells her that if she had had any sense, she would have killed her husband instead. And she quite agrees with him, only she just didn't think of it; isn't that just too bad?

EUGENE O'NEILL seems to me to write like a man who has read nearly all the text-books on psychology and met hardly any of the human beings whom they concern, with the result that his plays, although they may be theoretically defensible, are always practically just wrong. He has a sense of the theatre, and he is as strong as they make 'em, but even in his writing, which has a masterful appearance, he is far too deedy to be of the first quality. This play, certainly, is not one of his best, and the players are hard put to it to justify the pressure put upon them. Miss Beatrix Lehmann, not for the first time, strikes me as just too much of a good thing, or of a bad thing, or whatever it is. I sometimes think that if only she had been christened Beatrice instead of Beatrix, it might have made all the difference. Stephen Murray grapples with the internal tumults of lusty youth, and Mark Dignam is as good as could be as the old man. But the title of the piece remains the best thing of the evening.

Seventy-year-old becomes a father: Mark Dignam

Sketches by Rouson

He was her man, and he done her wrong: Beatrix Lehmann, Stephen Murray

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BARRING one kindly American observer who reported everything to be pretty hunky-dory for the Allies—the Germans hate Hitler and are practically starving—and left us all too soon, the general level of neutrals' " inside " disclosures of present conditions in Germany, now flooding Fleet Street, seems pretty sober and cautious. Not that we personally place great reliance on any of the boys, however truthfully they set down what they hear and see; especially when their impressions are gathered from dodging round with the ordinary citizen. It 's all too fatally easy to see a row of dogged, glowering pans in a tramcar and to deduce that a spirit of grim determination to see the war through inspires the populace; whereas out of six citizens so observed one may have toothache and another dementia præcox, a third may be brooding over a final demand for rates, a fourth may have been just deserted by a woman, a fifth may have just got one back, and the sixth may be a sour old puss anyway. And is the chatter of barbers and waiters and milkmen of much value? Not much, in our cringing view, though we 're humbly aware that experts like Dr. Gallup in America and the mass-observation boys at home attach high importance to what cross-sections of the populace think and say about practically everything. Our deplorable view is that if people take their thinking from the newspapers it can't be terribly valuable: but maybe we feel depressed because we know some of the boys who serve out the dope. (It gives one a macabre feeling to smack on the back a chap who has just provided 2,000,000 citizens with their basinful of mental pabulum for the morrow, believe it or not.) And what is a German citizen's opinion on anything worth at the moment?

As for what the Nazi high-ups tell neutrals, we doubt that a trifle, too. If you know your interviewer is bursting to print it in the enemy's newspapers, you give him the stuff accordingly, or don't you? We 're sorry to be asking all these silly questions, as if we were Dr. Gallup's little niece Dinty. Take no notice of any of 'em, as we do.

Jape

SLOGGER POPE should be alive to add a slashing new canto to the *Dunciad* and put a few present members of the House of Lords into it, after that revealing debate on the Mitford Newsreel—the neatest jest of the war, so far. Shocked at this gay and relatively gentle treatment of La Mitford's return to the Motherland—what would Pope, Swift or Dryden have made of it!—at least one peer roared for all newsreels to be censored forthwith. We don't say the newsreel boys are immaculate. They have their little wayward preferences—their handling of a recent civil war and their recent boosting of a sacked British politician into a hero-martyr could not but raise the eyebrows of the judicious a trifle—and some of their best commentators are apt to fall too often into terrible whimsy; but the Lords' attack on newsreel satire is a fundamental and a dangerous one. Already the British theatre is firmly bound and gagged, whereas the French and American revue stage is free to satirise any big-bonnet it pleases, thus performing a much-needed public service. Already our ineffable Libel Laws see to it that very little comment on public figures gets into the Press unless it is bland and sweet, like the cooing of doves. We trust the newsreel boys will develop the Mitford film idea in every direction to its utmost, which won't be far anyway. They occasionally hand out some nice " natural " satirical stuff when they get certain Ministers on the screen, moving wooden jaws and emitting bromides and clichés and locutions and parts of speech with a solemnity verging on the farcical, but this isn't half enough.

" Excuse me, Mum, is this yours? "

" Splendid, Miss Fox. Now if you can spell 'cat' the job is yours "

Trove

IN a desperate attempt to put those morning physical jerks over an apathetic yet wary citizenry, the B.B.C. boys have now discovered a 93-year-old lady in the provinces who does the exercises regularly (they aver). Our almost Chinese reverence for extreme age—you should hear us applauding in any West End theatre when some matinée idol trips on to the stage—forbids us naturally to criticise that dear old lady, except to suggest that the B.B.C. ought to give her an inscribed silver teapot, of the kind which is given to cricketers. (These dumb friends and idols of the populace, incidentally, swill a great deal of tea, though from their glazed and wooden appearance many think it must be laudanum—a legend we are asked by the M.C.C. to rebut.) On the other hand we may perhaps permit ourselves to hint, with Castilian courtesy, that bending and stretching to music with grunts and groans and squeaks of agony in a pair of shorts is not our idea of Grandmamma's early morning occupation. A delicate, still shapely, ivory-white old hand amid soft ruffles of old point or Mechlin lace, gracefully pouring out her fragrant Lapsang Souchong into a cup of rare old Sèvres, or giving some beloved grandchild a smart clip over the ear—that is Grandmamma's 8 a.m. grouping to us. The tea-caddy, incidentally, is of Queen Anne

red lacquer, an heirloom. The still-beautiful, gentle old eyes rest on it every morning, remembering Mr. Thackeray's smile as he made a joke about it to dear Papa. That was Mr. Thackeray the writer. "Oblige me," says Grandmamma as a chubby childish hand knocks over the Paul Lamerie silver cream-jug, "by beating it outa here, willya?" (Clop.) A charming scene, redolent of pot-pourri and old mice. The spectacle of Grandmamma doing morning knees-up-and-bend to please the B.B.C. boys seems to us not only bizarre but faintly revolting, though we admit fashions have changed, and the younger generation is more likely to see Grandmamma dancing on a night-club table than knitting in the old arm-chair. Maybe she 's as well off there as on the football field, at that.

Check

By refusing an Army captaincy, offered him on taking over food-production organisation for Hampshire (unsalaried), Viscount Lymington, already a farming authority of some eminence, demonstrates to an astounded Government that military rank and uniform are not really necessary for an agricultural job. This will probably upset Whitehall, whose eventual aim is to get all the inhabitants of Great Britain between the ages of five and ninety-five into some sort of uniform, whatever they 're doing, and especially the women; or so one gathers. One of the French editors lately in London was greatly struck by the enormous number of sweethearts of all ages and sizes clumping about in martial costume. In France women on war-work are wearing women's clothes, a typically Gallic affectation which will surprise nobody who knows what a theatrical lot our Allies are, and we doubt if the French would understand that elderly clergyman who got into officer's uniform the other day and explained, when questioned by the police, that he had a charter in his family from William the Conqueror (or somebody) empowering him to wear uniform whenever he liked. In our mousy view the key to the whole business is æsthetic. Just as the chap in *Great Expectations* conjectures that the Romans used to annoy each other terribly with their noses, so we deduce that there are times when the kind, homely Island pan causes a sensuous revolt among the populace at large, expressing itself in a sudden longing for fierce gay attire, decorative buttons, rakish hats, and all the tralala. In peacetime this urge can be satisfied only by a relative few who become cinema usherettes, policemen, policewomen, commissionaires, jazz bandsmen, Tube, tramway and busmen, gas and sanitary inspectors, circus attendants, "Stop-Me-And-Buy-One" tricyclists, and so forth. (Once a year the whole nation can and does break out in coloured paper hats, but this is not enough.) Then comes war, enabling the tiniest and dumbest specimen of British womanhood to leap forthwith into trousers, and there we are, protesting shyly, perhaps, like the citizens of Weybridge the other day, against the lure of over-rouged, mascara'd, and lipsticked girl firemen, but relieved, cheered, stimulated, and ready to take on the world.

Goods

Gaffer Shaw having whimsily suggested to Auntie *Times* that artists exhibiting at the current Burlington House show should sell their works at the rate of £5 per canvas and £2 per drawing, Sir William Rothenstein cracked back at the wealthy old tease very nicely next day, we thought, by suggesting that these pictures should be sold by weight and that he should buy the lot. This would have sent Slogger Whistler into ecstasies of furious delight, as when the *World's* art critic unguardedly described one of his etchings as "unimportant in size." "Seriously, my Atlas," wrote the Slogger next day to the Editor, "an etching does not depend for its importance upon its size. . . . Be severe with your man." But Whistler never managed to convince the Island Race that a small picture may be better than a big one—as if a "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Etty or Maclise, 56 ft. by 89 ft., with Titania's thighs the size of a 4·7 gun, could possibly be worth less than, say, that tiny Goya in the Tate, hardly a foot square!—and the majority of Auntie's little readers probably think the Rothenstein suggestion perfectly sound and practical. Certainly a few publishers who already sell books like groceries will agree.

Some day all our native products of the Arts may be sold by weight, including dainty little actresses, who won't fetch as much as they would have done in the Edwardian era, when fine big well-upholstered Junoesque sweethearts were swishing round everywhere. The Great War caused West End actresses to shrink. We well remember a night at the Vaudeville in 1916 when a tiny little laughing sylph, all dinkiness and diablerie, fell down a trombone in the orchestra. They had to get her out with a pin, like a whelk. What days!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Were you torpedoed, too?" "Yes—in 1917"

Films of the Day

Oz, the American Wonderland

By George Campbell

Frank Baum's *Wizard of Oz* is one of literature's freaks. I don't suppose one English reader in a hundred ever heard of it. In the United States it has been a best-seller for forty years, far more widely read—it is said to have sold ten million copies—than even *Alice in Wonderland*.

Mr. Baum owed something to Lewis Carroll. Dorothy, his chief character, is a little girl like Alice. She, too, escapes into an enchanted land. But there the resemblance ends. Lewis Carroll's approach, despite the fact that he was writing to please a child, is essentially intellectual; Baum's is sentimental—though the sentiment, apt to be treacly even in American tales for grown-ups, is agreeably ironical and dry. Lewis Carroll was a professor, an academic if ever there was one. Baum was a travelling salesman, engaged in selling the Western pioneer the more essential articles of crockery.

It was probably the very drabness of his career, the hideousness of the Kansas plains, that drove the salesman to find escape in the land of beauty and wonder which (probably after a glance at one of his catalogues) he named "Oz." His humdrum life is suggested in the realism of the prologue and epilogue to the story, set on the dusty, treeless farm where Dorothy lives. It is reflected, too, in the book's down-to-earth robustness and homely philosophy, always pleasing to the American public, as well as in the debunking, satirical humour that is part of the American salesman's make-up.

Despite all its qualities, publishers rejected the story as one man. Mr. Baum published it at his own expense, which is something that only crazy authors do, and was rewarded with a success as freakish as that of *The Specialist*, by the late Chic Sale. Not that the books are otherwise comparable, for *The Wizard of Oz* has a certain grace and charm, whereas *The Specialist*, though extraordinarily funny in its way, belongs to the smoking-room order of humour in which Baum, and not Sale, might have been expected to delight.

The device by which Dorothy is transported to the magic land is simple, yet cinematically effective. A sort of female Scrooge has taken a dislike to Dorothy's terrier, all because it has chased her cat and bitten her in the leg. In revenge she gets an order from the sheriff for the dog's destruction and carries it off in a box behind her bicycle—a scene played by Judy Garland with great skill and pathos. But before the dog can be destroyed a cyclone hits the village, and Dorothy is knocked unconscious. In her delirium she soars through the sky, past her enemy whose cycle suddenly changes to a broom, and comes down in a land of brilliant flowers and blue skies and queer little pixies and the battlemented castle of Oz, the Wizard's home. All, in fact, rather like Hollywood if you substitute Louis B. Mayer.

In Oz the same people keep cropping up, but their characteristics, as is only proper in a fairy-tale, are intensified. One stupid farm hand is now the Scarecrow, bewailing that he has no mind at all. Another is the Tin Man, lachrymose because he has no heart. The third is the Cowardly Lion, too utterly dispirited even to bluff. The village enemy rides the skies as the horrible Witch of the West. The travelling showman, with his shabby magic, has become the Wizard, full of magnificence and Jove-like boomings until they pull back a curtain and reveal the fake at the loud-speaker.

The make-ups are extraordinarily ingenious, and Bert Lahr's performance as the Cowardly Lion is a masterpiece of the grotesque. Frank Morgan's Wizard has a fine grandiosity, Margaret Hamilton and Billie Burke are delightful as the Witches, bad and good, and Judy Garland, holding the whole thing together with her talent and fresh young charm, is the ideal Dorothy.

It is claimed that the production cost £1,000,000. That is absurd, but I haven't the slightest doubt that it cost a million dollars. The sets, even allowing for the use of miniatures, are extremely impressive, supers (including bands of midgets) are thrown in by the thousand, and there are effects, like the swooping of bats and the giddy flights of the shrieking Bad Witch, which will excite adults and scare plenty of children out of seven years' growth.

All in all, I'm not surprised that the Censor has given *The Wizard of Oz* an "A" certificate, as he did *Snow White*. People ridicule his caution, but it seems to be a fact that most children's stories are grotesque and gory, and with the vividness and visual impact of the screen are apt to become quite horrific.

The other films are negligible. *The Arsenal Stadium Mystery* is an attempt, which may prove successful, to cash in on love of Soccer; *Mutiny in the Big House* is just what it sounds, an echo of the snarls and machine-guns of other years; and *Band Waggon* is an adaptation of a show that began at Broadcasting House and might have been allowed to stay there.

"The Wizard of Oz": *M.-G.-M. has once more outspectacled its own super-spectacles, this time lavishing an alleged million pounds on screening a best-selling American fairy-tale in technicolour. The girl who gets into the fantastic Oz dominion is Judy Garland. With her above are the Tin Woodman (Jack Haley) and the Scarecrow (Ray Bolger). On the right is the Cowardly Lion, according to our critic "a masterpiece of the grotesque," by Bert Lahr (who is currently in the New York musical riot, "The Dubarry Was a Lady"). The film was produced by Mervyn Le Roy, directed by Victor Fleming, and is at the Empire*

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Just think, if only you and I was Gort and Ironside! There'd be none of this foot sloggin'. They'd send a lorry for us"

The "Bystander" visits

The American Embassy in London

The Ambassador, *Joseph Patrick Kennedy, sits down at his uncluttered desk first thing every morning to go through his personal mail, all of which he sees and deals with himself. But, for the last few weeks, he has been far from this setting, spending Christmas with his family in Florida. He left England early in December, flying to New York, and then posting down to Washington to see the President. There, as former head of the Maritime Commission, he discussed the position of American shipping during and after the war, as well as giving the President information "too confidential for cables," speaking publicly in favour of a third term of office for Mr. Roosevelt, and of the U.S. keeping out of war. After ten strenuous days, Mr. Kennedy left with Mrs. Kennedy for Florida. Rumours of his possible resignation from his London post still circulate, but we hope they are not true. The Ambassador has become extremely popular in Britain since he arrived in 1938. First his smile, then his family, then his own energetic, cheerful, generous personality won this popularity, which deepened and widened as he became better known through a number of fine speeches and addresses in various parts of the country. He was born in Boston in 1888, is primarily a business man, with past connections with finance, banking, shipbuilding, films, theatres. (A January report from New York said he might buy a baseball team, the New York Yankees.) He is a Catholic and a Democrat. In 1914 he married Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of a former Mayor of Boston; her charm and amazingly youthful good looks have brought her innumerable admirers here. Their nine fine children, Joseph, John, Rosemary, Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia, Robert, Jean and Edward, now have an almost proverbial fame*

The Counselor *(American spelling) is forty- North Carolina. After his war service with the was posted to Berne, Sofia, his own Department and Mexico City. Then he came back to affairs at the Department of State for four was appointed to London as First Secretary.*

Attaché and Personal Secretary *to the Ambassador is Edward E. Moore. He has been with Mr. Kennedy as Personal Secretary since the latter got married twenty-five years ago: when Joseph Kennedy married Rose Fitzgerald, he took from the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston, his secretary, Edward E. Moore, as well as his daughter. Mr. Moore has his desk in the Ambassador's outer office*

five-year-old Herschel V. Johnson, from A.E.F., 1917-19, he became a diplomat, of State, Tegucigalpa (Honduras), Washington, to take charge of Mexican years, and after that, in 1934, he He became Counselor here in 1937

Military Attaché *and Military Attaché for Air is Brig.-General Sherman Miles, son of General Nelson Miles, of Civil War fame. He was in mid-ocean on his way to take up his appointment when war was declared, had been O.C. Field Artillery Command of the U.S. Army at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. With him here is Captain Alan G. Kirk, U.S. Navy, who commanded a battleship before he came to London five months ago as Naval Attaché and Naval Attaché for Air. (As the U.S. Air Force is part of the Army and Navy, it has no Attaché of its own.) It was Captain Kirk who went on board the Ark Royal to prove it hadn't been sunk*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Conference *in the Ambassador's office brings a good many of the Embassy staff together, and the Ambassador, perching on the side of his desk, cracks them a joke. Looking up at him are Alan N. Steyne, Second Secretary and Consul; Walton C. Ferris, Consul; Edward E. Moore (see left); Harvey Klemmer, Attaché and Assistant Commissioner of U.S. Maritime Commission; Homer S. Fox, Assistant Commercial Attaché; Dr. Alexander V. Dye, Commercial Attaché; Franklin C. Gowen, Second Secretary and Consul; John G. Erhardt, First Secretary and Consul-General; Lloyd V. Steere, Agricultural Attaché. Mr. Klemmer, as a shipping expert, went to the U.S.A. with Mr. Kennedy to help with the discussions on the future of American merchant ships now immobilised by the Neutrality Act*

Second Secretary *is Franklin C. Gowen, of Philadelphia, who sits opposite Mr. Moore in the Ambassador's outer office, at a neatly-appointed desk on which he often has a vase of flowers (see the solitary chrysanthemum appearing right.) He has been in London for several years, before which he served in Rome and other posts in Western Europe.* *(More pictures on the next two pages).*

The American Embassy (Cont.)

Arriving for work: *some of the staff live at Headley Park, near Epsom, where the whole Embassy might go if London were bombed. They commute daily between Headley Park and Grosvenor Square by Embassy bus. A skeleton staff is always on duty at Epsom*

A.R.P. *is in charge of Major McDonald, U.S. Army Air Corps, and Assistant Military Attaché for Aviation at the Embassy. With him in the bombproof, gas-proof shelter in the basement are three secretaries, Miss Robinson, Miss Geiger and Mrs. Griffith. The very comprehensive fittings of the shelter include an air-purifier on the Maginot Line system, which can be worked by ordinary electricity, a small internal electric plant, or by a hand pump*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Visas *are asked, demanded, begged, pleaded and prayed for from the Immigration Visa Section which can only say "No" when the quotas are full. Since the war this department has been hard pressed, 30,000 refugees having applied for visas, apart from the normal applications. In the past year about 4000 visas were issued, now they are being given at the rate of about 1200 a month. 400 letters a day come in, and in November applications from refugees alone were over 6000. To deal with all this, the department has a staff of 30, including Consuls (see far right)*

The whole staff, *including the Ambassador himself (on the steps) was grouped in front of the Embassy for a presentation picture for Mr. Kennedy before he left for his Christmas visit to America. The Embassy and Consulate-General occupy three floors of the large modern neo-Georgian No. 1, Grosvenor Square, on the corner of Grosvenor Street. Above the Embassy are private flats*

Mail out: *the diplomatic bags, ready for dispatch to the Department of State at Washington, D.C., were being looked over by N. D. Borum, Administrative Officer of the Embassy and Consulate-General, and Frank W. Gurney, courier*

Mail in: *the mail-room clerk sorts the morning delivery, which includes a half-pint bottle of milk for the Treasury*

The Consul-General *and First Secretary, John G. Erhardt, calls his colleagues, John J. Coyle, Vice-Consul; Charles A. Converse and Edward S. Manney, Consuls, into his office to consult upon the knotty problems of American citizens abroad or would-be American citizens who seek entry to the United States*

Consuls in Conference: *John G. Erhardt, John J. Coyle, Charles A. Converse, Edward S. Manney*

Press Conference: *James Seymour, J. C. Stark, Virgil Pinkley, John J. Kennedy*

Press Attaché *and Secretary to the Ambassador is James Seymour, telephoning, smoking, and talking at his desk on the right. J. C. Stark is chief of the London Bureau of the Associated Press of America. Virgil Pinkley is European manager of the United Press. John J. Kennedy, no relation of the Ambassador, is his special assistant, went to America with him in December*

Hedy Lamarr in Hollywood

The "Ecstasy Girl" has left Bohemian bathing scenes far behind in Europe

She plays ball *in Beverly Hills, wearing play-suit, short fur jacket, "co-respondent" shoes*

She models *Adrian clothes in a tricksy pose on the floor with a script (below) or against a romantic background (right). Adrian is fashion man to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who contracted Hedwig in 1938, have not yet shown a picture of her. Below, according to the caption, we see "beautiful Hedy Lamarr relaxing over a good book." It is Coward's "Present Indicative"*

She poses in an arbour *for actor Reginald Gardner, whose painting you may judge. It is now three years since Hedy Lamarr's name went round the world because she bathed naked in a Czech film, copies of which her Austrian husband vainly tried to suppress. She went to Hollywood, figured in Goldwyn's "Algiers," then went over to M.-G.-M., who are not apparently in a hurry to use her. In September, 1938, we announced she would act in "Cinderella," with Spencer Tracy. In February, 1939, we announced it again, adding a change of title to "I Take This Woman." Last week M.-G.-M. publicity informed us that a new player had been added to the cast of "I Take This Woman," starring Tracy and Hedy. She married Gene Markey last year, but well-informed Hollywood observers doomed the marriage last month*

A Trainer's Wife at Home in Berkshire

Mrs. Frank Furlong, while her husband is on active service, is living in Berkshire with her daughter and her dog, an Old English mastiff called Gwen

The Furlong stable now contains four instead of twenty horses: two of them are Major Noel Furlong's Litigant and Mrs. Furlong's own Borisokane

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Furlong moved to their cottage at Aston Tirrold in Berkshire in March last year. Now Frank Furlong is serving with the Fleet Air Arm, and his wife is looking after their daughter, their dog, the training stables, and the property in general. Most of the horses have gone to Mr. Furlong's father, Major Noel Furlong, nearby, but there are still four in training under Mrs. Furlong's supervision, including Litigant, a Grand National entry, which won last year's Foxhunters' Steeplechase at Cheltenham. Mrs. Furlong was Pamela Kingsmill before her marriage in 1935 (the year Frank Furlong won the National on Reynoldstown), is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, of Sydmonton Court, Newbury, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath

Photographs by Swaebe

Griselda is a little over a year old, has her mother's big dark eyes; is the first daughter born in the Furlong family for several generations

Livestock at Aston Tirrold includes hens, ducks and geese, which Mrs. Furlong looks after herself; her busy day starts at 6.30 every morning. The two young horses in the paddock behind her are a two-year-old and John, a yearling

"Bystander" Short Story

Charlie's My Brother

By Morley Callaghan

Illustration by Reinganum

If she hadn't looked so pretty that first time she came to the hotel with her old man, if she hadn't looked back at Joe with a little swing of her bobbed hair as he stood at the front desk, he would never have thought of leading her to his brother.

But he followed her and the old man up to their suite because he was a kind of handyman for the manager and could do it: he worked at the hotel at night and in the daytime he went to college; and besides, the old man — Gorman was his name — had been coming to this third-rate hotel on the square ever since the days when it had been a fashionable spot, and so they tried to make a fuss over him and give him extra attentions.

Joe followed old man Gorman and the girl into their all-white, old-fashioned drawing-room, and then he went into the white-panelled bedroom that had been a dining-room in the old days, and he started opening doors and raising windows, any little thing that would pass the time so he could listen and keep on looking at the girl. She was bending over her bags on the floor, and old Gorman, with the ruddy, generous, big-nosed face, was grunting and gasping as he sat down and stooped over an open bag and fumbled around for a bottle of whisky. You could see they had some money and were very sure of themselves by the way the old man puffed and sighed and sat back with his plump hands on his knees; and the girl, too, didn't seem to notice that Joe was still there.

"Is everything all right?" Joe asked. "Is there anything you want?"

"Everything's fine, son," the old man said. The girl only looked up with a grave, meditative expression, as if maybe he had been in her mind: he was far more excited than if she had given him a bright, encouraging smile.

"Say, you could 'phone down for some glasses," the old man said.

As Joe picked up the 'phone three men the old man's age came in as if they had been sitting outside just waiting for him to arrive. They all had the same white hair and rosy faces and hearty good-natured manners, and they started right in talking about the fight at the Gardens that night. The old man and the girl had come into town for the fight. They were obviously crazy about fighters. But what struck Joe was the way they included the girl in their professional conversation.

She had tossed off her coat and was walking up and down in her skirt and a cream-coloured shirt-waist with a light green tie. She looked so neat and tailored and she moved so easily Joe simply stood there in the bedroom looking at her, though he was pretending now to be switching on the lights to see that none of the bulbs were bad. With her arms folded across her chest and her brow wrinkled, she pondered their opinions of the two fighters. "I like Maguire," the old man was saying. "He'll be way out in front by the eighth round. Olsen'll need a scooter to catch him."

"You're wrong, Pop. You forget Olsen's a body-puncher."

"She's been trying to sell that to me all the way up on the train," her father said.

"I say I've seen Maguire three times and I've never yet seen him that he didn't sag when he got it in the body. And mind you, Olsen's strictly a body-puncher. That Swede murders them under the heart," Ellen said. Her eyes were glinting with excitement as she turned, appealing to the others.

"Ellen's right," they said.

"Of course I'm right, and Pop knows it," she said.

If they had turned they would have seen Joe listening with his mouth opening as if he wanted to join in the conversation. Everything they had said was like information he had heard a hundred times; ever since he was a kid he had heard it, and wanted to get away from it. But the girl with the easy manners and the grave intelligent eyes was so pretty, and her voice, too, was soft; and as soon as he had seen the flash of excitement in her eyes he had known at once how he could make her turn to him eagerly. He just had to step in among them and say, "Pardon me, I was listening. But you'll understand when I say that I'm Charlie Bruneteau's brother. I grew up using a boxing-glove for a pillow at night." But he knew he shouldn't talk to them about his brother because it might lead to things being said that he couldn't bear to hear.

"Gee, it's great to meet you," she said

He got out of the room, and he knew that she was turning, looking at him thoughtfully, as if she knew all the time he was just stalling and listening.

After that he saw her about once a month when she came into town for the week-end and there was some fight they wanted to see at the Gardens or at the smaller clubs. He got to be very friendly with old Gorman but he couldn't seem to get beyond the point where he was awfully polite to Ellen. He felt tongue-tied because he was just working in the hotel. Yet he felt that she was just waiting for him to say the right thing that would make them feel free with each other and closer together.

One of the waiters said to Joe one night, "That Gorman girl must be interested in you, Joe. She asked me who you were and what you were doing around here."

So Joe waited around in the lobby that night for her to come in; and when at about midnight he saw her coming in alone in her squirrel coat and her little grey hat with the grey pom on it, he got in her way, his whole face full of expectancy. It was the middle of winter; it was very cold out, and her cheeks were glowing. His heart started to leap and he gave her a very special smile that was to declare their intimate recognition of each other.

It was true she did smile a little, but the candid, grave expression in her eyes didn't change at all. She still seemed to be away beyond him. He felt suddenly in a panic, as if there was no way of getting to her. Yet she waited, hesitating, wondering what he had wanted to say to her. What could he say except "How do you do, Miss Gorman?" Then she would be gone. In fact, she was already turning away. So the words just slipped out of him; he felt guilty as soon as he heard himself speaking, but he had to make himself seem important to her. "I guess your father probably remembers Charlie Bruneteau," he said.

"You mean the middleweight that was so good five years ago?"

"Sure, that's the guy," he said.

"Why, he was in the first big fight I ever saw. It was in Chicago. I was just a kid and I remember my mother didn't want my father to take me."

"Sure. Charlie and Franky Walker."

"You bet. And Bruneteau should have licked him. He did, in fact, only he didn't get the decision and the championship."

"Well, you see," he tried to say easily, although his heart seemed to swell up in his chest and hurt him, "Charlie's my brother."

(Concluded on page 178)

Charlie's My Brother

(Continued from page 177)

" Get out ! Your name 's Faulkner."

" That 's his right name, too," he said.

She hardly seemed to believe him, and with her head on one side as she smoothed the back of her glove, she said, " I think you 're kidding me."

He could have stopped right there : he was telling himself not to go on with it, and that he should leave Charlie alone, but suddenly she seemed like the finest girl he had ever met and he had to make a big impression on her. " I don't need to kid you," he said. " Charlie 's right here in town."

" Where ? "

" Well, it didn't go very well for him," he said awkwardly. " He 's working in a tavern." He wasn't ashamed to tell her that Charlie was a waiter because he knew she understood such things happened to fighters.

Her eyes started to glow as she put her hand out to his arm like an eager girl. " Gee ! Pop would love to have a chat with Charlie Bruneteau," she said. " Why, he used to be simply nuts about him. I seemed to grow up listening to him talking about Charlie Bruneteau's left hand. Listen," she said excitedly. " If the tavern 's right here in town why couldn't you and I go over there and maybe Charlie Bruneteau would talk with us and I could tell Pop about it when he came in ? "

He could have said that he couldn't get away from the hotel, but he had an hour and a half at midnight. And there she was, looking so eager, her hand on his arm, just the way he had wanted it for months. He tried to tell himself it would be all right and there was nothing wrong in what he was doing.

" Sure, I can make it," he said. " You just go out on the street and wait a minute and I 'll be with you."

When he got his hat and coat and met her outside and they started to cut across through the square, she slipped her arm under his as if they were going along together at last. If it wasn't very far, maybe they could walk, she said. It seemed to give them more time together. He talked about Charlie as if he were very proud of him and was letting her share his pride. But he kept hesitating. " It hasn't gone well with him, that 's true," he said, " but gee, he was swell to me when I was a kid. There was nothing he wouldn't do for me. He wanted me to go to school and he bought a house for us. He seemed to run through his money. I guess they all do. One reason I 'm keeping on going to school is that Charlie always wanted me to. My mother keeps reminding me of it. You see, he supported us fighting ever since he was eighteen." There had been a fall of snow and it had frozen hard, and every step they took their shoes crunched on the snow and squeaked as if they were new shoes. It seemed to Joe that for years he had been wanting to tell a girl like Ellen all the things Charlie had done for him.

When they got to the tavern he was telling himself that maybe there was no need to worry ; everything would go easily. It was not much of a tavern. It had one big room with tables and a bar at which three men were sitting talking lazily. Further back in there was a small restaurant. Ellen and Joe sat down at a corner table and he ordered a couple of beers, and then asked the waiter if Charlie was around. " Just say Joe wants to see him," he said.

While they waited Ellen and Joe were looking right at each other. Suddenly she smiled shyly, excited as a little choir soprano who had been taken back-stage at the Metropolitan.

" Here he comes," Joe said.

" Where ? "

" Coming towards us."

His brother was dressed like the other waiters in a black jacket and a white shirt and black bow tie. He came toward them leaning forward a little. He seemed to shuffle on his feet. If his eyes hadn't been so badly scarred and his cheekbones so permanently swollen that he seemed to be blinking his eyes to widen the slit between his brows and his cheekbones, you would have said he looked a little like Joe. He didn't seem to see them till he was up close. " Hello, Joe," he said rather blankly as if they hadn't met for a while. Then he smiled. It was a warm, friendly, generous grin. " How are you doing, Joe ? Is this the girl friend ? "

" This is Ellen Gorman," Joe said, waiting to see if Charlie's badly-marked face and blinking eyes shocked her.

" Gee ! It 's great to meet you," she said, looking up eagerly at Charlie. " I didn't know you were Joe's brother until to-night. Imagine." She talked up to him as if he were a symbol of the most exciting moments she had ever had. " I grew up hearing my father talk about you. Isn't that right, Joe ? " she said, turning warmly to him as if they had known each other for years.

" She 's a sweet kid, Joe," Charlie said appreciatively.

" I saw you that night in Chicago," she said. " My, you were swell ! "

" When was that ? "

" Against Walker. Don't you remember ? "

" Sure I remember," Charlie said. A sudden eagerness, a quick reaching-out for a stimulation he had been missing a long time, came into his face. " Some fight, wasn't it ? I had him on the floor three times. He didn't know what was happening."

Everything was going fine. Ellen was delighted, and Joe, relaxing, thought this was the right moment to leave. He had seen the look on Charlie's face. But if he could get Ellen out now both of them would have a good memory of the visit.

" Say, it 's time for me to run along," he said, looking at his watch.

" What 's your hurry, Joe ? " Charlie asked.

" Stay awhile, Joe," Ellen said. " We 've just got started."

" I 've got to get back to the hotel," he said, worried now.

But Ellen didn't get up : she went on talking about Chicago and her old man, and the things he had told her about Charlie's left hook, practically quoting from the record book an account of every one of Charlie's big fights. Joe waited nervously, almost pleading with her with his eyes to come away with him. " Charlie gets tired talking about fights," he said.

" Did you see me against the coon in Philadelphia ? " Charlie was saying. His eyes were blinking faster than ever. His hands began making nervous, jerky motions as if they were suddenly detached from his body and he didn't know it.

Then Joe saw the glassy, far-away look coming in Charlie's eyes as he went on talking about the coon. His left hand was pawing in the air. Ellen seemed to think he was trying to show her how he landed his hook.

" Charlie ! Charlie ! " Joe cried. It was a desolate cry, and if any sound could have reached Charlie he would surely have heard it.

The waiter, who had called Charlie for them, was passing, and when he saw him pawing at the air he stopped, bewildered ; then tried to grab hold of Charlie's arm.

But as soon as Charlie felt himself held he began flailing away with both hands. " Grab him ! Grab him somebody ! " the waiter yelled, slipping to his knees. Two other waiters rushed over and grabbed Charlie. One got behind him, trying to lock his arms, and as they swayed under the light you could see the glassy look in the eyes brightening. Then one of the waiters hit him hard on the chin.

As they rushed him back to the kitchen the waiter who had slipped to his knees said, " I haven't seen him like that in two years."

Joe was looking around wildly. Trembling, he sat down slowly. " I guess I knew it was going to happen," he whispered. Then he turned suddenly to the kitchen door, his face full of anguish, muttering to himself a desperate apology. " I knew I shouldn't do it, Charlie. But I kept thinking it would be all right. It was like asking you to help me, Charlie. She was so pretty and I wanted her."

Her face white and wondering, Ellen said " Joe ! Joe—— ! "

He turned and looked at her. Suddenly he seemed to hate her. As she put her hand on his arm he swung his arm away savagely. " Don't speak to me ! " he said.

" He 'll be all right, won't he ? "

" Sure. He 'll be just like he is."

" I 'm—I 'm terribly sorry."

" All right. ..You saw him. Now go on. Why don't you go away ? " he said. He was insulting her, trying to hate her, trying to deprive himself of everything he had wanted when he had brought her there, so he himself would be left hurt and with nothing.

Her face reddened. One of the waiters had heard Joe tell her to get out. She was humilated, but she kept shaking her head. She wouldn't go. She kept watching his white, hurt face, her hand on his, waiting, as if she couldn't go anywhere without him.

THE END

The Lighter Side

Telephone numbers at a touch, and no coping with directories, are the merits of this ingenious pad from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. Simply slide the pointer along to the right letter, and the cover springs open at the number you want. This costs 15/6 in black, 17/6 in cream colour

"Return to Victoria," or at least to the Victorian paper d'oyley, which has been specially treated to form a stiff, waterproof brim for this delightful Erik hat. Erik, who now has a London salon at 20, Brook Street, is showing many of his models with the brim, like this one, bent abruptly downwards at the back. Among his unusual materials are green grass, a black silk straw that looks like gros-grain, and paper pie-frills for trimming

Silvery Tritons, blowing their long horns and curling their mermans' tails, make the very individual fastenings on this grey Matita coat. Beautifully tailored, its long lines of stitching give a slender silhouette and break into pleats above the knee. Another Matita model has a military suggestion in the bold white braid epaulettes on its black bolero, worn over a short-sleeved frock

A really tough kitbag, that will stand up to any amount of wear and rough treatment, is more precious than most things on service. This one, in double-proofed canvas with leather strappings and a sliding fastener, comes from Revelation and costs from £4 12s. 6d. They have all kinds of military equipment, including an impressive variety of sleeping-bags

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Memorial to a Friend

By V. S. Pritchett

It is so easy to love, admire and praise people that, on the whole, one does not deserve much credit for doing so. We are often better understood and presented by our enemies. The reason is obvious. In a great many of its forms love is egoistical; in very few has it a spirit of self-abnegation so profound that the loved one becomes more important to the lover than himself. Only rarely, as in such instances as the relation of Boswell and Johnson, does one see a man effacing and belittling himself, even allowing himself to appear ludicrous, in order that the admired character shall appear in its terrific human completeness.

Miss Vera Brittain's portrait of her friend Winifred Holtby in *Testament of Friendship* (Macmillan; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is not the work of a female Boswell, but the usual and easier thing. It is in consequence a failure as a portrait. An interesting failure, nevertheless. Sincere, moved, conscientious, ardently desiring to make a proper memorial to her friend, Miss Brittain (like most of us in similar circumstances) is too eulogistic and egoistical to succeed. But there are other difficulties. Winifred Holtby was enormously admired in her circle for both her talents and her personality, and she appeared to subject the former to the claims put upon the latter. For a writer she appeared to be insufficiently selfish. She would stop a book to help a friend, and thus she became one of those people of whom one says that either they have suppressed their own lives or that one must wait, solicitously, for their lives to develop.

Miss Brittain makes a good deal of the conflict between the claims of life and the claims of art in Winifred Holtby's life. There is something in this. Her heredity, I think, is more important. She came of yeoman stock from the obstinate, inhibited and clannish East Riding of Yorkshire, a people whose hard heads work more energetically than their hearts, whose imagination is slow to develop. She had an equanimity which derived from their immense clan assurance, their caution which makes the activity of more disorderly and emotional people seem a prompt subject for the blasting scorn of those who watch but do not partake, because they have something more sensible to do. Hence her success as a satirist, not a mild, whimsical satirist of the southern kind, but something far more spirited and with a jagged, intellectual edge; and it was, of course, coupled with the fighting northern idealism. The Yorkshire people seem only to go the whole hog when they hate: they are the great castigators; their virtues remain moderate and packed away tight, and of all the northern people in England they seem the dullest, but with a dullness that is exalted by a pugnacious capacity for drive.

All this is not meant to be a guess at Winifred Holtby's character, but at her background. Her novel, *South Riding*, showed that she transcended or fulfilled it.

***Weekly wit** is dispensed by Shane Leslie in his growing circular service called "Dr. Leslie's Newsletter for Lonely Women," subscriptions to which go to a war charity. Verse and prose satire are nicely mixed by this essayist and historian, whose latest book was "Mrs. FitzHerbert"*

To succeed, propaganda has not only to say the same thing again and again, but to say it at the right time. At last Mr. H. G. Wells's hour has come. I would urge everyone to read *The New World Order* (Secker and Warburg; 6*s.*), not so much for its statement of the well-known Wellsian hopes and waspishness, as for its clear sight of what we ought to be doing now. Above all, this book is a demand for debate and freedom; no censorship of ideas and criticism just because there is a war. This war is a revolution. Some kind of collectivised society is inevitable. How is the individual to protect his rights and what are those rights? Mr. Wells lays down a draft of a new Declaration of the Rights of Man. Admirable, of course; but how, the reader will ask, will the individual be able to wrest these rights from the centralised State of the future? How will he be able to prevent the State from swallowing him whole? How avoid, for example, a centralised political police and all the tyrannies of State socialism as we see them to-day? Is a Declaration any more than a hope? It seems to me that the individual's only protection is going to lie in his group or gang, and that we want a Declaration of the Rights of Gangs. Mr. Wells drops his own hint in this direction. We had all better join, he says, the National Council for Civil Liberties.

Miss Dorothy Sayers, who thinks more realistically about religious organisations than Mr. Wells has ever done, has also been stimulated by the war to urge us to work at once for the coming society. Where Mr. Wells is exciting—almost too purely exciting—she is analytical. She has been much influenced by that popular simplification of history, Drucker's *End of Economic Man*. She is inclined to stress our duties rather than our rights—a shrewd point, because that is likely to be the note of the new order; indeed, it is already the point, and her book is a very stimulating story of political detection which sets out to discover how we shall avoid more mass murders of the present kind. She is especially out for the blood of "the average man," who says, "I 'm afraid I 'm a plain sort of fellow. I 'm afraid I 'm not one of those clever chaps." "It 's a damnable lie," she replies; "he is not afraid at all of ignorance and stupidity; his pretence at modesty is a barely concealed boast and a bid for your applause." Lord Peter Wimsey is on the warpath.

Phyllis is a barmaid, and in Mr. Herbert Fernés' *Now Gentlemen, Please* (Faber; 8*s.* 3*d.*) she tells her tale. It is not always edifying, and yet somehow it is always respectable, at any rate within its own world. Drinkers are a moral community. They have their rules. For Phyllis, the question is how to live dangerously without losing an anchor in security. No sin without guarantees! This is an amusing book, supposedly written by Phyllis, but actually divided between her, Mr. Fernés and P. G. Wodehouse. Here is an example of the last:

> One morning Fish said to me:
> "Phyllis, my dear, I have a feeling in my sweetbreads that you 're going places with the fairy prince. In other words, methinks Bunny is going to show you a rabbit-hole—the weather being fine—far, far away. . . ."
> "He can show this chicken an elephant hole if he 'll only take me to the green fields and farmhouses. . . ."
> "Sound your aitches and don't drink with your spoon in the cup," Fish admonished.

A pub bar viewed from the trade side of the counter is a rewarding world; on the trade side, hard-headed sentiment; on the other, temporary hope. The stroked hand, the expert squeeze, the hitched elastic, the unfinished limerick, even the muzzy moment when the knees give, or the illicit week-end, are somehow "all right," and Phyllis and Cissie, proceeding from one pink gin to the next, dig their gold with malice towards none. Mr. Fernés has caught the brighter cynicisms of the saloon bar.

Abel Smith — Heywood Jones

Captain Anthony Abel Smith, 10th Royal Hussars, younger son of Colonel Bertram Abel Smith, of 45, Montagu Sq., W.1., and the late Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, and Molly Heywood Jones, only daughter of the late Major Llewellyn Heywood Jones, and Mrs. Heywood Jones, of Wanborough, Wilts., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Crookshank — Napier Tomlin

Arthur Patrick Usher Crookshank, Lothians and Border Yeomanry, second son of Colonel and Mrs. C. de Wynt Crookshank, of Johnstounburn, Humbie, East Lothian, and Bettine Napier Tomlin, younger daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. George Napier Tomlin, of 39, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lentaigne — Taylor

At St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, Commander Charles N. Lentaigne, son of Mr. Justice Lentaigne and the late Mrs. Lentaigne, married Susan Taylor, daughter of Dr. James Taylor, C.B.E., and Mrs. Taylor, of 47, Hanover Gate Mansions, Park Road, N.W.1

William Robert Tomkinson, the Middlesex Regiment, elder son of the late R. E. Tomkinson, and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset, and Helen Mary Blane, daughter of the late Com. Sir Charles Blane, R.N., and Lady Blane, of 20, Alexander Square, S.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Bridesmaids were Virginia Ansdell, Minna Mary Royds, Helen Palmer-Tomkinson. Best man was the bridegroom's brother, Lieutenant Edward Tomkinson, R.N. The bride is a ski. international

Tomkinson — Blane

(Continued on page 186)

Women in Uniform

YORK, headquarters of the Northern Command, is full of soldiers' wives and daughters in uniform

Their recreations mostly used to be calling on each other, hunting with local packs, canvassing what Major This or Colonel That had said about the chances of war. Now these army ladies and others have plunged into uniform themselves, are shouldering the burdens of less spectacular military organisation in a way that is wholly admirable. All belong to women's units covered in our "Women in Uniform" series in the last year. Herewith some of them

The W.V.S.

The Women's Voluntary Service *for Civil Defence has a very active branch at York. The committee herewith are Mrs. McLellan (training officer), Miss Helen Swift (evacuation and canteen officer), Mrs. O'Callaghan (transport officer), Mrs. Thompson (centre leader), Mrs. Kenny (deputy centre leader), Mrs. Dickinson (enrolment officer)*

The hardest worked department at the York branch of the W.V.S. is the telephone exchange, in charge of Mrs. H. N. Hindsley, Mrs. K. B. Farrow, and Miss Joyce Bell. They get several hundred calls a day

The A.T.S. 4th Yorkshire Clerical Co.

The Auxiliary Transport Service *is well represented in York; this line of pictures being of the 4th Yorkshire Clerical Company. Volunteer Olive Barton works at the adding-machine directed by Senior Leader Johnston (former Lady Warden of Rhodes University, South Africa)*

Company Assistant K. B. Hart-Cox shows some work to her C.O., Company Commander (=captain) A. M. Masters. The former is the daughter of Col. Hart-Cox, Regimental Paymaster at the Northern Command; the latter is the daughter of a retired officer, Colonel A. G. Masters

Sub-Leader (=corporal) José Bridgen manipulates a complicated figure-writer; she is in charge of the personnel of the Lands Branch, A.T.S.

The F.A.N.Y.s

The Women's Transport Service *— ex-F.A.N.Y. — is also represented at York, working with the 3rd Northern Motor Company, A.T.S., on transport. Herewith, at Company section offices, Comp. Asst. R. K. Thompson, Senior Leader E. Ayre, and Section Leader R. Cathcart dealing with calls for transport*

Sub-Leader Clerk B. E. Kingston presents some records to her C.O., Company Commander R. M. Cowen, in the W.T.S. headquarters, Northern Command, York. Ranks are the same as in the A.T.S., of which the W.T.S. forms part

Information and wool come out of the same department; here Mrs. R. H. Hewitt, information officer (left), and Miss Dorothy Harrison smilingly do a fatiguing job—winding wool for voluntary knitters. Also on show are some of the knitted goods they get in return, and have to sort and despatch

Mrs. J. G. S. Sykes, Mrs. McLellan, and Mrs. C M. Gwynne distribute Civil Nursing Reserve uniforms in the York Library. This branch of the W.V.S., one of 12,000 in the kingdom, has charge of most voluntary women's war organisations in the York district. Ninety per cent. of W.V.S. workers are unpaid

Volunteer Mary Loxley pours out mid-morning tea for Sub-Leader Betty Sample in the Records Office, A.T.S., attached Northern Command

A member of the 4th Clerical Company, A.T.S., works the telephone exchange in the Lands Branch, which deals with army property and requisitioning of land. She is Volunteer Denise Hollingworth, daughter of Major A. F. Hollingworth, and a well-known follower of Bramham Moor hunt

Piles of bank draft payments in the Records Office are the concern of Volunteer Mary Freeman, A.T.S. This vast women's organisation is now only seventeen months old

Volunteer cook R. M. Hulton and Volunteer orderly D. G. Walker—who wears her belt above her overall—prepare the meat and potatoes in the kitchens for their fellow F.A.N.Y.s

Mrs. Meats was a F.A.N.Y. in the last war, is now an honorary worker. Her husband, Captain Guy Meats, and she are followers of the Quorn

A man's job is done in the garages by Volunteer R. Duggett and Volunteer D. York, who have just mended a puncture

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Germany's Next Move

I USE this well-worn tag, "Germany's next move," to introduce again my opinion that Germany's next move will be not to move, apart from local swoops and sorties here and there. I have been talking about this with a neutral diplomat who has excellent sources of German information, and his report is interesting.

Göring, he says, wants to sit tight behind the West Wall, leave the offensive to the Western Powers, if they wish to try one, and build up an invincible German-Russian Reich between the Rhine and Vladivostok; this would mean the construction of great roads and railways between the two countries, the reinvigoration of Russian industry by German organisers and specialists, the joint exploitation of Russian oil and other resources, and intensive military collaboration.

If Göring is for this policy, he will almost certainly have his way.

The German Generals

WHAT surprised me in my neutral friend's report is the news that the generals, rather than the Nazi wild men, are for all-or-nothing adventures in the West. This is only explicable by thinking back to Ludendorff, who was satisfied to progress from victory to victory and did not mind that each triumph brought him nearer to defeat.

Thus my informant tells me that General Keitel, who commanded the German armies in Belgium during the last war, now actually favours an attack on Britain through that country. He is for a quick drive through Belgium to the Channel coast; there he would mount quantities of the big new guns (said to have a range of over 100 miles) and by means of them seek to clear a lane, hedged by two curtains of fire, across the Channel, through which he would send an army to land in England.

I cannot see success for such a venture. General von Brauchitsch, again, is for the pincers attack on France, through Holland and Belgium in the north and Switzerland in the south. That is Ludendorff once more, slightly revised.

Hetze

WHEN the German Press and radio begins a *Hetze*, or campaign of hatred and incitement, against England, this indicates that something brews, and a most rabid *Hetze* has of late begun again. The speech of Hitler's *Gauleiter* for Austria, Bürckel, was particularly virulent.

This campaign means two things. First, the Nazis are uneasy about their own public feeling, and Bürckel revealed the reason for their uneasiness, in the particular case of Austria, by his fierce attacks on the monarchists (all supposedly long since extinct). Secondly, it indicates that some new Nazi swoop is in preparation. As I say, I do not believe in the Grand Slam in the West, so it will be something else.

Canadian cadet: *this (right) is the uniform of Canada's "Sandhurst," the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, whose curriculum has been sped up to turn out more soldiers for the war. The wearer is Lance-Corporal A. W. Duguid, seen just after receiving his R.M.C. diploma, with his father, Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid, R.A., designer of the new battle flag of the Canadian Army*

Rumanian Anxieties

A MOST well-informed acquaintance just back from Rumania tells me that a joint German-Russian attack was expected for March. Now hopes have revived a little, for two reasons. First, it is thought that the Russian set-back in Finland may upset the time-table. Secondly, an attack on Rumania might open up a new front in south-eastern Europe—both Turkey and General Weygand's Syrian army are in the offing — and Rumania doubts whether Germany now would welcome a war in that theatre.

For my part, I believe that Rumania might be safe if Germany knew one thing—that on invasion Rumania would destroy her oil wells. They were fired in the last war and some of them needed several years after the war to extinguish. Preparations to destroy them were made months ago: they can be touched off in an instant. But would Rumania do it a second time? If Germany has any doubts on that score, Rumania sooner or later will probably be invaded.

Incidentally, my well-informed neutral acquaintance from Rumania was baffled by British trade tactics there. Britain, he said, now protests against the sale of Rumanian oil to Germany; but she made no effort to acquire it when it was going cheap. The same thing, he said, applied to foodstuffs; in Rumania he saw no sign of those innumerable British buyers, authorised to purchase at any price anything that Germany might want, of whom our Minister for Economic Warfare recently spoke.

Heroes home: *H.M. cruiser Ajax, minus mainmast, berthed at Plymouth last week after two years' foreign service which culminated in the defeat of the Admiral Graf Spee off Montevideo by her, the Achilles and the Exeter. She got a great welcome from Drake's town, the C.-in-C., Plymouth, Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, and the Deputy Lord Mayor, Alderman Modley (here), going on board to welcome Captain C. H. L. Woodhouse and his crew. Admiral Harwood, who commanded the squadron from the Ajax, remained at his station in the South Atlantic*

Es lebe Golf

GOLFERS will thrill to know that the Germans are sound at heart, after all; they call the concrete cells of the West Wall, where the German soldiers live and have their being, "bunkers." But now that I look more closely into this, I only fear that they derive the word, not from the golf course, but from the anatomy of ships.

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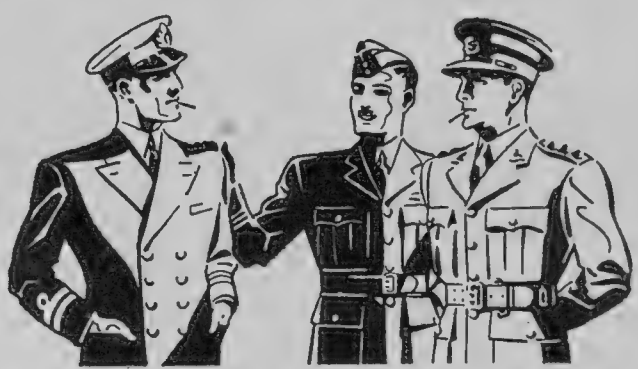

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HIMROD'S CURE

Getting Married (Cont. from p. 181)

Lenare

Mrs. R. P. de Winton

Peggy Rolph married Captain Reginald Pepys de Winton, 3rd Carabineers, only son of Brig.-Gen. C. de Winton, of Little Todham, Midhurst, Sussex, and the late Mrs. de Winton, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square. She is the daughter of the late Capt. Rolph and the late Mrs. Abercromby

Yevonde

Mr. Duncan and Miss Wilsdon

The engagement has been announced between 2nd Lieut. Rae Duncan, elder son of Sir Andrew and Lady Duncan, of Beckenham, Kent, and Jeanne Wilsdon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilsdon, of 22, Rue Lalo, Paris

Lenare

Mrs. Geoffrey Rawlings

Diana Helen Leach, eldest daughter of the late G. C. Leach, and Mrs. Leach, of Sibton Park, Lyminge, Kent, was married ten days ago at St. Ethelburga's, Lyminge, to Lieut. Geoffrey T. Rawlings, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Rawlings, of the Thatched House, Barham

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Frozen Limit

WHY is it said that he who hesitates is lost? Here was I, hesitating very much whether I dare to remark something about the inclemency of weather from the golfer's point of view in this year of grace 1940. Would the Press censorship consider it contrary to the defence of the realm if I admitted an absence of all competitive golf since Christmas? Then, lo and behold, the *Sunday Times* came out boldly with the statement, in all the brazen publicity of its front page, "Coldest snap for 46 years; Thames frozen over." Hesitancy had saved me. Here and now I am able, without giving any help to the enemy, to let the world know that, such has been the weather, no single card has reached this office during January for the BYSTANDER monthly spoons. That is something altogether without precedent, and let us hope will remain without repetition.

Can you wonder? Was there any day last month when golf of any kind, most especially with card and pencil, would have been pleasurable, even if possible? Lucky have been the clubs with lakes, such as Stoke Poges, where skating has come as a delightful interlude, lasting over a fortnight, for all those members who have otherwise spent most of their time sitting by, in, or upon ambulances or trailer-pumps in a greater or less degree of frozen coma.

Perhaps some ardent golfers, if they chanced to have petrol to burn, or a supreme contempt for the discomforts of travel without a car, have been making a pilgrimage from one famous pond hole to another, with no other purpose than to walk arrogantly over those hundred or so yards of territory which in warmer and more fluid days have struck terror to their heart. If tees were not impossibly frozen, they may even have struck a number of balls over them, so that they might for ever after tackle those holes with sublime confidence and indifference. Woking members, for example, will tell you how their sixteenth hole lost many of its awesome qualities the summer that the pond completely dried up in a drought. Looking across a little strip of cracked mud and sand, how, thought the most timid golfer, did one ever imagine it a long way? Ice has the same effect.

Golf for convalescence: *sick or wounded R.A.F. officers get well at a famous hotel in the West of England; were visited by a photographer recently, who found them loosening-up for new drives—against the enemy*

LET us think out this pilgrimage. Starting from London, we must pass by the watery allurements of Ranelagh, for Ranelagh is closed for duration, a matter over which we should drop many a silent tear at any other time.

Burhill comes before we have gone far, and there the River Mole that guards the last green on the new course has actually been frozen over, but as that course is temporarily closed, energies being reserved for the Old Course, the freezing is of academic interest only.

Not so when a few more miles takes us to West Byfleet, and thence, via Woking, to Worplesdon. Worplesdon's tenth hole, so charming in the time of rhododendrons or water-lilies, so intimidating even to those brave men and braver women who elect to drive at the evens in the Worplesdon Foursomes! There is always a crowd sitting on the bench and the bank outside Colonel Harvey's house, at the back of the green, watching with a ghoulish delight equal to the knitters beside the guillotine or the crowd at Becher's Brook; gloating with long-drawn "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" if any of the great ones should go plomp in amongst the moorhens. Worplesdon's tenth has seen other remarkable events: Lady Heathcoat-Amory, in her Joyce Wethered days, holed her tee-shot there; on another occasion her shot was too strong, and landed at the feet of a dear old lady in a bath-chair, who showed far more concern over the legal aspect of what must be done with the ball than at her own narrow escape from a crack on the head. Such is the spirit bred at Worplesdon.

Turning our back on Worplesdon, after calling at Wentworth we might take a turn northwards, and, if so, call in at that other club which specialises in open mixed foursomes—to wit, Brocton Hall, near Stafford. It must have been a sad sight last autumn when a disastrous fire swept away most of the top storey of the delightful old club and dormy-house, but they are busy now re-roofing it, and in the meantime Captain Todd and his wife will still welcome you with smiles, and you are as likely as ever to under-club yourself at the ninth, and a call there under frozen conditions would be well worth making, just to be sure of the shot when the good time comes for playing it again in real earnest. It is a very excellent hole that; indeed, when one comes to think of it, are not almost all water holes good holes? They flout canons of golf architecture that recovery from a hazard must be possible, but there is a fascination about the "do-or-die" shot over water.

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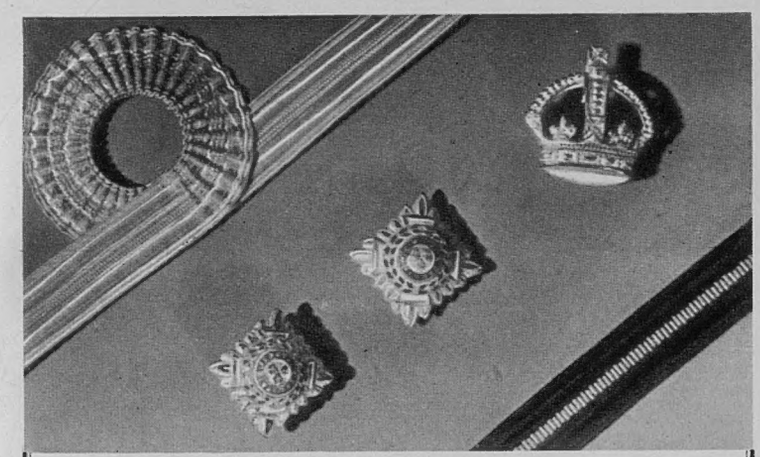

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Motoring Commentary

Walking Under the Influence of Drink

By "Spare Wheel"

THE Government's decision to reduce the speed limit to 20 m.p.h. in black-out hours was a bit of a bomb for the motoring organisations, for in spite of all the agitation for 20 or 15 m.p.h. they had had good reason to believe that the authorities were quite firm against it. At a conference on the subject before Christmas, Captain Euan Wallace, the Transport Minister, and the head of Scotland Yard had both declared that reducing the speed limit would be no help towards reducing accidents, and that it could not be enforced. The decision now has all the earmarks of a sop to the public conscience, if a sop can have earmarks.

It won't make any difference; limit or no limit, nobody can go more than 15 or 20 m.p.h. in the streets where the accidents happen—streets like the Strand or New Kent Road—nor can any driver tell what speed he is doing, since he can't use his dash-light because of dazzle. The trouble is, though, that, being introduced in February when the evenings are getting really longer, the reduced limit will get the credit for the inevitable reduction in accidents, and thus the cranks will crow again.

During the debate in the Commons when the change was announced, one Member demanded that a driver convicted of being drunk in the black-out should be deprived of his licence for the rest of the war. Well, I don't think the penalty is too stiff, but I would like to draw the attention of these hang-the-motorists cranks to the latest safety measures of a land where motoring problems are studied really seriously.

In one of the American States, that of California, it is now an offence to walk on the highway while under the influence of drink. This, states the Federal Highway Research Board, is further evidence of the new tendency to place a responsibility upon the pedestrian in the matter of highway traffic. Last year in New York the police conducted a campaign against irresponsible pedestrians who crossed the streets against the traffic lights or crossed between intersections—in other words, who trespassed on the carriage-way. Several were arrested as examples. And whatever the law, American juries and police courts generally will now refuse to hold a driver responsible for injuries to a pedestrian known to have been intoxicated at the time.

Captain Euan Wallace told the Commons that as the new speed limit could not be enforced, motorists would be "on their honour." What about putting pedestrians on their honour to take proper care? What about compelling pedestrians to realise that they are trespassers when they set foot on the carriage-way at other than authorised crossings? What about making them realise the elementary fact that the streets are dangerous?

THAT was an interesting case in the High Court the other day about the duties of the "L" driver's supervisor. I don't think there is really any need, as was suggested after the decision, for the fear that learners would now find it hard to get anybody to accompany them on their practice runs, but it does throw a new light on what may be expected of the supervisor, by whom, the law says, the holder of a provisional licence must be accompanied.

One of the counsel in the case told me afterwards that he thought, too, that a new light had been thrown on "aiding and abetting."

Two persons were motoring together, one a veteran, the other a beginner. On the Newmarket Road at a severe bend they came up behind a horse and cart. The beginner at the wheel pulled out to overtake, crossed the central white line, and stalled his engine. A lorry coming the other way collided with them. The beginner was convicted of driving without due care, and his supervisor, the veteran, was convicted of aiding and abetting and fined 10s. His offence, it appeared, consisted in the fact that he said and did nothing to prevent the accident.

In the words of the magistrates who convicted him, his "passive conduct" was partly to blame for the collision, and the Lord Chief Justice, upholding the conviction, said that as a supervisor he had responsibilities in which he had failed. He had, in fact, aided and abetted the offence, not by anything he did, but by failing to do anything—failing to tell his friend, for instance, to "keep in."

It is thus established that the supervisor of the "L" driver is expected to supervise. It does not at all mean that he will be held responsible for every crime the "L" driver commits, but if the "L" driver does commit a crime his supervisor will have to be able to prove that he did not just look on, like a stuffed dummy, but did what he reasonably could to keep the former on the strait and narrow way.

LESS interesting, but possibly just as important, was a ruling given by Mr. Justice Asquith on the law of crossings. A pedestrian sued a motorist by whom he had been knocked down, for failing to give him free and uninterrupted passage at a crossing governed by traffic lights. The Judge found that both parties had failed to exercise reasonable care, but he found for the motorist on the grounds that the pedestrian only had a right to free and uninterrupted passage while actually on the crossing, that he was not on the crossing when standing on the central island, and that he stepped off it so abruptly that the motorist, moving at a reasonable speed, could not stop. So a pedestrian on an island or refuge is not technically "on" a crossing.

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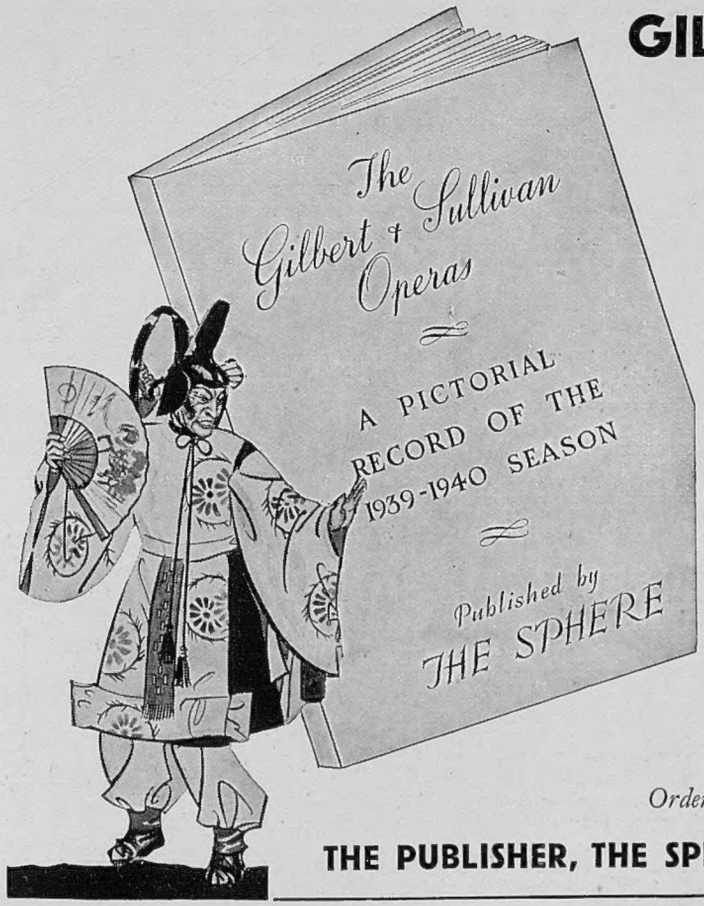

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START HERE !

The Mexican chief forced Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and temptation that Eve's daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk

. . . he lost patience and cut short the discussion with this obstinate monk, threatening him: "You *shall* marry. I shall see to it myself."

Fra Jeronimo had expected trouble and difficulties of many kinds, but he had not been prepared for anything like this. He was sincerely orthodox in his principles, and intended to keep the solemn oath of celibacy which he had taken. The Cacique, however, was not the man to take "no" for an answer—least of all from a European captive whom he had deigned to honour with his friendship and upon whom he had conferred already many benefits. Poor Fra Jeronimo, bewildered, did not realise the weight of the storm that was gathering over his head.

He was summoned one day to the chief's presence. Barely had he made his salutation, when a bevy of Mexican beauties filed in, and the Cacique, pointing a stern finger, said: "Choose one."

Fra Jeronimo glanced heavenward, made the sign of the Cross, and respectfully refused to obey.

Containing his fury, the chieftain ordered him to examine the girls one by one before voicing another refusal.

Again the monk was stubborn. This time the Cacique dismissed him; but commanded one of the girls to follow and establish herself in his room—adding that if she did not succeed in making him change his mind, another would try.

It was plain that the Cacique was banking on the irresistible edicts of nature; but he did not know how, in the West, religion was so strong a force that it sometimes effaced in a man all his natural impulses. In barbaric Mexico priests were expected to marry and raise families like other men, and they were held in no less respect for it.

Fra Jeronimo's voluntary renunciation of this blessing seemed so extraordinary that it could only be justified by some abstruse or diabolical reason. Hence the Cacique's tenacity of purpose. He forced Fra Jeronimo to submit to arduous trials. Every trick and temptation that Eve's daughters could combine to devise was tried out on the obdurate monk. For weeks on end he was nearly suffocated by the attentions of alluring beauties specially selected for the purpose. Never before had he held girls in his arms at all. They breathed perfume over him, kissed even the lobes of his ears. He had not known how soft a woman's body could be.

THE historian Prescott, without deviating from his learned and austere style, describes the episode in the following words: "The Cacique put his virtue to a severe test by various temptations, much of the same sort as those with which the devil is said to have assailed St. Anthony. From all his fiery trials, however, like his saintly predecessor, he came out unscorched."

But St. Anthony came out unscorched from nothing more tangible than visions! Poor Fra Jeronimo, instead, had to contend with the *reality*—seductively, caressingly alive. . . .

You'll want to read all of this story of "The temptations and adventures of Fra Jeronimo de Aguilar." It is the latest story in the series "Old Tales Re-told," which, brilliantly written and illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I., appear every month in Britannia and Eve.

. . . and here are some more of the grand features included in the February number

THE SUPER-SUB-HUNTERS
By Weston Martyr

At 35 knots and in deadly silence the sub-hunter speeds towards the unsuspecting enemy U-boat. The sub-hunter has heard her 70 miles away . . . soon the powerful depth-charges are released at the enemy below. Suddenly, stern first, the U-boat is flung to the surface . . . then drops back for good. Read this and you will find why the enemy "subs" fear to venture far from home.

THE TYRANT OF PISTOJA
By Marjorie Bowen

Travel now back through time to the Middle Ages, to witness a plot to kill the Duke of Pistoja. But there is a traitor in the camp, and the Duke, with devilish cunning, turns the conspirators' blades upon their own leader.

ALREMO'S
By Laurence W. Meynell.

A spoilt film star and a pretty cashier have a stand-up fight at Alremo's one night. This makes news, and brings fame and fortune to a restaurant on the verge of bankruptcy. A fine story that shows the heart-throbs behind the scenes of a Mayfair rendezvous.

SILVER WEDDING
By Ursula Bloom

Lois was a discontented wife. Discontented because she thought her husband lacking in all the finer qualities. But on her silver wedding day she finds he has always known of her youthful indiscretion, and the realisation brings a new understanding.

HEARTS IN CONCERT
By Roy Wirgman

When war is declared Chick joins up . . . but Helen thinks of her new Hollywood contract. However, she returns in time and they are reunited 'mid the rousing applause of a camp concert, somewhere in England.

PLEASURE HUNT
By C. Patrick Thompson

Providing pleasure is one of the world's greatest industries . . . and plays a vital part in our war-effort. Here are some interesting facts and figures concerning the world's entertainment which will astound you.

SWEEPERS OF THE DEEP
By Stanley Jackson

This fine article tells us of the work of the mine-sweepers and their crews . . . The men who go out day after day in all weathers on the hazardous task of ensuring that we shall get the supplies we need.

BEHIND GOD'S BACK
By Negley Farson

This article shows us the true meaning of Democracy . . . how the natives in Africa exist happily under the very minimum of rules and regulations. But we look at the German communities . . . all have their own organisations, many of them owing allegiance direct to Berlin.

HOME SECTION

Winifred Lewis offers some useful advice to newly-wed housewives. You will find two pages of new ideas and colour schemes which will inexpensively give new life to your home this spring.

More of those delightful menus rationed housewives are finding so very useful, and, of course, the *Britannia and Eve* beauty hints, which smart women find so helpful to combat the difficulties of our variable clime.

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